

SATIN-FINISH CLOTH

IS TO BE AN IMMENSE FAVORITE FOR ENTIRE GOWNS.

NATIONAL BLUE TO BE MUCH WORN.

It is a Powerful Rival, and Red a Close Competitor—The New Glass Passementerie—The Polonaise and Fringe With Us Once Again.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, October 1.—Every woman is buying a cloth gown, and is having it shrunken and refinished before leaving the store. The era of smooth-finished materials is here, and it is well that really good cloths can be bought for 75 cents per yard up, and as they are fifty-two inches wide the cost is not prohibitive. These suits will have, in many instances, a fitted basque in front, and opening with a double row of buttons and revers, over a linen chemise. These will be, later, worn with fur capes. The revers coat will be used, however, for the majority.

This is what we are coming to: For the present moment we are wearing combinations of plaid and plain, quite the smartest of which is a plaid skirt of a rather large and frill pattern worn in conjunction with a saque coat of plain cloth, whose color harmonizes with that of the skirt. This is an English fashion, and though it can hardly be called a new mode, it is, for the moment, very well worn. What is more, it will not become common.

American women have never taken en masse to the saque coat. It is only the smart woman that adopts it, and even she avoids it in short.

In shape, these plaid skirts are, as the newest mode dictates, of eelskin-like fit, the fulness at the back being transformed into a huge box-pleat, and the said box-pleat bearing some two dozen buttons, whose size may vary according to the whim of the wearer, set on at intervals from waist to hem. Personally, I think this mode was invented by some one anxious to prove the truth of the proverb, "if faut souffrir pour être belle," for they certainly must be most unpleasant upon closer acquaintance, and when to this is added the difficulty of sitting down in anything like comfort in the eelskin gown with which we are threatened, it will be seen that the lot of the fashionable woman of the immediate future is not likely to be a happy one.

I saw this week at the rooms of a fashionable ladies' tailor some charming model jackets, both in cloth and light materials. They were, almost without exception, of three-quarter length—another mode which is emphatically not becoming, save to the tall—the exceptions referred to being the tailed coats, cut away in front, and having director's revers, though, in this connection, it is notable that the "tails" are growing longer daily, while the revers are getting proportionately smaller. One really exquisite garment of this class was built of black silk velvet and lined with cream-colored satin, the revers of satin being covered with Irish crochet lace, and the satin cuffs turned back and similarly adorned. Most of the new coats, though, are of startling severity as regards cut, and nearly all have the long basque added a la Newmarket, and depend solely upon the fancy shape of collars, cuffs, and revers for distinction. Satin, or a new and rather heavy make of satin mervillieux, seems to be the fashionable material for smart coats for early autumn wear. A great deal of piping is noticeable on these models, but they depend more upon the absolute perfection of their cut than anything else, though some, with bolero-shaped backs, are rather uncommon. It would, however, require a slight figure to carry a coat off successfully.

In evening frocks the Princess gown seems to be the leading favorite, but this, again, is a mode only seen to perfection when the wearer is tall, and, as the French have it, "fausse malgre." I recently saw an exquisite instance, which had been prepared for some of the early autumn festivities. The material was satin lachesse of a pale coral pink. By the way, pink of every shade, from palest salmon to deepest Du Barri, is still as fashionable as ever. The train of this gown was very long—indeed, trains, both on day and evening gowns, are getting longer and longer. However, to go back to the Princess gown, each seam of this, from the hem to the décolletage, was outlined with passementerie in cut-glass and coral of rather deeper shade than the satin. This glass passementerie is le derrier crie, and has quite superseded everything else, from paste upwards. The décolletage was a rounded one, and exposed the whole of the shoulders, having for ornamentation a few folds of the soft tulle, coral pink in hue. The sleeves were conspicuous by their absence, indeed, as regards the newest mode, sleeves may be said to be, for the

moment, non-existent, a strip of velvet or roses being used in lieu of them with admirable effect. In the present instance, sprays of the palest mauve orchids occupied the place of tulle before referred to, with here and there an invisible stitch.

Another evening gown seen at the same atelier established the rumor before spoken of that the polonaise will ere long be amongst us. The underskirt of this model was of orange velvet; at least, so much as could be seen of it, which was only the merest glimpse, the polonaise itself being carried out in merveilleux of the same shade, and trimmed with what do you think?—orange silk fringe. If that does not sound like a return to the modes of the sixties I should like to know what does. Nevertheless, am I forced to own that the effect obtained was distinctly good, even if a trifle bizarre. In cut, however, I am bound to admit that the polonaise itself was a great and commendable improvement upon the cut of that garment, as we are familiar with it in the fashion-books of days gone by. It kept, indeed, to the lines of the prevailing mode, being skin-tight on the hips, and with the fulness at the back turned into two broad box-pleats. Down these pleats at intervals ran buttons of out-glass set into rims of dark blue enamel. The décolletage was rounded, but, so to speak, rather higher than in the preceding model. There were no sleeves, a strap off the satin, about half an inch wide, edged with the silken fringe, doing duty. A little skillfully arranged old lace softened the hard outline of the décolletage at the front, but at the back the satin was left severely alone, though I must confess I found it somewhat of a relief after the overtrimmed bodices to which we have lately been accustomed. By the way, the polonaise fastened invisibly under the left arm, and from the centre of the bust fell two scarf-like ends of old lace, made beautiful by a bow of the satin and a buckle of dark blue enamel.

Now, as to the modes in hairdressing, there is little or nothing new to chronicle this week, except that the wider "wave" seems to be the fashionable wave of the moment, and as regards ornaments, a rose behind the left ear, kept in place by a diamond brooch, is in the highest of favor. Sometimes a rosette of velvet ribbon of the same hue as the dress takes its place, but the rose is the smarter mode of the two.

It is somewhat too early even to talk of furs; yet already the furriers have prepared some—and are preparing others—of their autumn and early winter novelties. I shall hope to discourse of these in a future article. For the present, I will content myself with saying that a saque coat of sealskin, and a founced cape of three-quarter length, both garments lined with white satin, seemed to strike notes in modish peltry. Apropos of the founced cape, this mode is appearing in a hundred different styles and materials as the cape of the autumn. A good example was in dark blue box-cloth, with piped seams, and a founce of its own material, also adorned with half a dozen rows of piping, the lining being of white satin. Another was expressed in a dark brown satin, strapped, and on either side of the strap-ping piped with orange velvet. The high collar, lined with the same velvet, had stole-like ends, by way of a fastening, of the cloth, lined with orange-colored satin, that material also serving as lining throughout.

Folded Hands.

(Albert Bigelow Paine, in Baltimore Herald.)

Dear, patient hands, that toiled so hard for me.
At rest before me now I see them lying.
They toiled so hard, and yet we could not see
That she was dying.

Poor, rough, red hands that drugged the livelong day,
Still busy when the midnight oil was burning.
Off toiling on until she saw the gray
Of day returning!

If I could sit and hold those tired hands
And feel the warm life-blood within them beating,
And gaze with her among the twilight lands,
Some whispered words repeating.

I think to-night that I would love her so,
And I could tell my love to her so truly,
That 'e'en though tired, she would not wish to go
And leave me thus unduly.

Poor, tired heart, that had so weary grown,
That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping,
How still it is to sit here all alone
While she is sleeping!

Dear, patient heart, that deemed the heavy care
Of drugging household toil its highest duty,
That laid aside its precious yearning there
Along with duty.

Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still,
And cold!
(How peacefully and dreamlessly she's sleeping!)
The spotless shroud about them silent fold
And leave me weeping.

Watch on the Rhine.

(Boston Journal.)

It is a personal friend of Bismarck who sends 1,000 bottles of German wine to the sick soldiers in this country. The Medical Bureau will undoubtedly keep a watch on the Rhine.

An October Bride, Her Bridesmaid, and Some of Her Gowns.



The October bride will wear a Princess gown if she has a good figure. This special bride wears one of white satin, trimmed with two riches of mouseline de soie and orange flowers. The beautiful gown worn by the bridesmaid at her side has a Louis XVI. corsage of rose taffeta embroidered with black spots. Revers and corset belt of plain taffeta. Rhinestone buttons. Rose mouseline de soie skirt with ribbon trimming. The bride's travelling gown is a wool plaid combined with plain wool. The vest is of white cloth, the belt also. Her calling and reception gown has a coat of white guipure over maize satin. The cloth skirt is very novel, having an overskirt buttoned at the back. Rows of stitching are the only decoration. Her tea gown embodies all the latest features. It is of mouseline de soie embroidered with spots. Mauve tulle and ribbon form a corset and bow. Her prettiest evening dress is of white satin with pleatings of mouseline de soie and has shoulder straps of yellow roses.

AS TO VESUVIUS.

IDLERS GATHER AROUND NAPLES TO WITNESS A FINE SPECTACLE.

CITIES NOW SEEM TO BE DOOMED.

Valleys Being Filled by the Molten Streams—Blackened Earth, Which a Short Time Since Was a Smiling Landscape—More Ruin Threatened.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NAPLES, ITALY, September 18.—The angry outpourings of Mount Vesuvius are giving rise to fears that the burial of Pompeii and Herculaneum in a winding sheet of lava, to be dug out centuries later, may be repeated. Flourishing cities seem doomed to meet the fate of Pompeii, unless the fiery crater subsides. It is interesting to speculate on the reception that will be given hundreds of years from now to the curious from these buried cities when they are rescued from their lava bed. With the stream of lava constantly increasing from the mouth of the newly-awakened monster, there are threatening indications of a catastrophe.

The Observatory, known as Mount Carboni, from whence warnings are issued when Vesuvius is about to break forth in flame, is in danger of being overwhelmed by the fiery rivers that flow from the belching volcano. Three streams, in width nearly eighty yards, are pouring out of the crater, and as they find their way down the side of Vesuvius, they are split into innumerable smaller streams which leave behind them a blackened trail where once was green vegetation.

The spectacle for this fiery torrent is the valley called Vetrana. Already ash is thick all through this valley, and the villagers are prepared to flee the moment the red and black bed rises too high for their safety.

Tourists are here from all over Europe. Vesuvius is a show, and the sight is magnificent, especially at night, when the great crater is a living mass of fire that lights up the sky for miles around and makes the bay a glistening mass of reflected flame. At night the bay is alive with boats containing gay crowds who are here to see the spectacle. Only the poor villagers who see nothing but ruin before them, unless the fiery ore of the Mount goes back to his den again, are bewailing the outburst. The majority welcome it as a fine sight, possible to be seen only about once in a lifetime.

Of the 350 active volcanoes in the world Vesuvius is the one that keeps at the head for eccentricity of temperament, uncertainty of movement, and violence of eruptions. The closest watch is kept upon Vesuvius by scientists, its moods are

noted with the most persistent attention, and upon the slightest signs of an awakening in the black mouth of the crater warnings are sent forth to the country people around to be ready to escape at any moment. An observatory was established there in 1811 by Ferdinand II., and when the great eruption of May, 1855, occurred the warning was sent out in time and the villagers escaped. A large section of the country was rendered a black ruin by this eruption.

In 1855 the monster of Vesuvius awoke from his slumber again, but did little harm this time, being in a sluggish mood and sending forth the lava stream so slowly that escape was easy. Again the volcanic terror slumbered for three years, when, in 1861, he shook himself and awoke with a fierce snort. In the few hours that this eruption lasted great damage was done. An eruption that lasted eight months began in November, 1867. Two fiery rivers ran down the side of Vesuvius, and immense quantities of lava inundated the surrounding valleys.

The last outbreak of importance before the present one occurred in 1871, and lasted for several months. To the horror of the molten lava being added great masses of burning rocks that were thrown out of the mouth of the crater and sent rushing down the side of Vesuvius. The great river of molten rocks and ashes was three-quarters of a mile in width and the ashes covered the streets of Naples to a depth of several inches.

Of the ancient outbreaks at Vesuvius the one great historic eruption that buried Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiae, and Castellum, so that these cities were lost to sight for ages, was that most damaging.

After burying these ancient cities Vesuvius slept again, and remained quiet for several months. The great eruption of 1867, which began in November, 1867, was a most disastrous one. Villages sprung up where blackened ruins had been, and the country was a smiling landscape again, when the next outbreak, on December 16, 1867, started the monster of Vesuvius.

The eruption continued until February, 1868. Torre Annunziata, Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici were nearly buried under the awful flow of lava, and 18,000 lives were lost.

Again the fiery flood was quiet for awhile, but in 1784 it burst forth again. Torre del Greco was again destroyed by lava, which flowed down in a fiery stream nearly a quarter of a mile wide at its base and fifteen feet thick.

The outbreak, which began in October, 1822, lasted nearly a month, rupturing the top of the cone and making a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep. From that time Vesuvius has never been wholly quiet.

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The Latest Evening Coiffure



This new coiffure is a combination of the popular pompadour and the centre parting. The full effect is produced by hair pads and "rats," the hair itself being first waved.

him dear, looked around with a grin, expecting to meet with applause for his talent, and became suddenly aware that all his companions were working away with the most extraordinary earnestness. Instantly the full force of the situation dawned upon him.

"Horror!" he ejaculated. "I took you for a crank with a grievance!" and then he subsided.

A Dainty Matinee.



The new jacque rose red in taffets, cashmere, or fine flannel is the color used for this French brocade jacket. It is for wear with a skirt of corresponding color and is the most becoming model of the season.